GRAEF, GRACEMERE, AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

winding roads and wooded hills, where large copper beeches, pine, cedar and weeping willow trees grow.

The house is massive and built of stone. It is two storied, with a mansard roof. The stone from which It was constructed was quarried on the place for Robert Graves, who was formerly its owner. Mr. Graef had a low tower added to the south ast corner. The first floor of this is used as a dining room. The views from the windows seem, as one sits at thic, espe-cially refreshing. They include glim; as of the grounds, the lake nestling among the trees in the foreground, and the Tappan Zee and the bills of Nyack in the background.

Among the works of art used in the decoration of the interior are a bronze "Gloria Victis," representing an angel carrying a wounded soldier from the battlefield; Bonnat's "Sampson and the Lion" and Bridgman's "Horse Pair."

Mr. Graef possesses some high class horses. and likes to drive them four-in-hand, tandem and unicern. Although not a pole player, he is fond of pale penies, of which he owns several Besides riding, driving, golf and tennis, tishooting of clay pigeons is another of his diver-

TITLES TWISTED IN TRANSLATION

Something like Mark Twain's experience w the translation of his story of "The Jump as Prog" hate French and back again Into Engush or like the version of the Italian title for "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," which read, "It Will Be Very Warm in the City This Evening," happens almost daily at the Aster Library. Numerous books in all at the Aster Library. Admerous books in all singuages are received there and have, of body course, to be catalogued in English. To this end "Large Hopes."

"Little Dorrit" became in his rendering "Small Dorrit," and "Great Expectations" figured as "Large Hopes."



WEST FRONT OF GRACEMERE.

the services of various persons of foreign birth, either employes at the library or called in for the purpose, are secured. It chances that frequently these foreign books are translations of the English works, and when the translator is not familiar with the original English title the result is often ludicrous.

For example, the other day a set of Dickens in Russian came into the library. A young Russian Jew, employed regularly, was called on to catalogue the set. One of his titles was "The Cold Home." It took the head cataloguer some moments to figure this out as "Bleak House,"

Guide Foretold Result of Day's Fishing by Looking Into Tank. "Speaking of big fish and good fishermen," re-

KNEW IF THEY'D BITE.

marked the commercial traveller, "reminds me of the time I was up in the Adirondacks trying to sell some goods at a backwoods settlement called Northwood. I was staying at a little hotel run by an old Bisbee guide named Will Light. As it happened, he had a party of fishermen there from New York. After breakfast we were out on the front porch, and the fishermen were discussing whether they would go fishing that day or loaf around and enjoy themselves at something else. Finally one of the group spoke up to the old guide and asked:

'Well, Bill, do you suppose we'd catch any if we did go?"

"Will Light has a watering tank 40 feet in circumference in front of his house, and in it he has a number of ordinary looking brook trout. When asked the question he didn't make any reply, but walked out to the tank, cocked his head to one side, shut one eye, and stood there and looked down into the water; then he walked half around the tank, cocked his heal on the other side and looked into the water with the other eye. The boys began to laugh at the curious performance, and one of them wanted to know what he was up to. Bill looked up serious like, and replied:

"'Well, boys, there ain't much use you're goin' fishin' to-day. I can tell by observin' them trout that you wouldn't catch none.'

"Thereupon there was a howl of laughter from the veranda, while Bill grinned in a knowing way and kept still.

"'We will go anyway,' said one of the fellows "And they did go, and, as it happened, they returned that afternoon with empty fish baskets. But it was pretty uncomfortable all that day for the old guide, for they 'joshed' him pretty much about telling whether the fish were going to bite by 'observin' them trout' in the tank. Anyhow, the next morning when we were again congregated on the front veranda, one of the fishermen, with a wink at the rest of us, asked Bill to go out and take a squint at the fish. Everybody smiled, but Bill went, and when he again cocked his head to one side and stood there looking down with one eye at the trout, the bursts of laughter would have made any (Photographs by C. J. Ross.)

but a stolld old guide feel like the proverbial 30 cents. But Bill looked up and said seriously: "Gentlemen, you can catch a good mess of trout to-day."

"The fishermen came back that evening with a bully good mess of the speckled beauties. Yet, thinking it was mere chance that the guide had foretold the catch and that he was trying to bamboozle them as to his powers, they still bantered him. Bill didn't say a word, and the third morning, to the delight of all, he went through the same ridiculous operations at the

"'Well, what's doing to-day?" asked one, and in the same solemn way as before he replied:

"'You won't catch a great many, but what you do catch will be whoppers."

"That night the boys came back with some of the nicest sized trout you ever laid eyes on, and there wasn't a small one among them. Some were 'big as handsaws,' and the boys were so well pleased that they went to New-York with them the next day to show them to the folks before they spoiled."

THE EASY PUBLIC.

Thomas W. Lawson was talking about sharp

"Sharp practice is the rule," he said, "but is not the public in a way to blame? Why should the public be so willing to be deluded? What is the matter with the public, any way? Upon my word, I have seen men and women hug and nurse worthless stocks as Washington White nursed his watch.

"Washington White? Oh, he is a Boston colored man

"One day a friend met him on an underground train. The friend sat down beside him. Washington was rocking himself to and fro in a curious way-something like a man with the

"'How do, Washington?" said the friend.

"'How do, Calhoun,' said Washington, and he still rocked to and fro.

"The friend regarded him curiously. "'You hain't sick, Washington, be you? be

"No, indeed, Calhoun," was the reply.

"No, indeed, Calhoun," was the reply.

"Then why in the name o' common sense, man friend, am you rockin' yo'self to and fro this-a-way all the time?"

"Washington White made no pause in his regular oscillations as he said:

"'Calhoun, you know Jerome McWade? Well, he done sold me a silver watch for free dollars, and if I stops a-movin' like dis yere de watch don't go no mo'."

THE FICKLE SAILOR.

Mayor Weaver of the awakened city of Philadelphia was talking to a reporter about a very astute and wily politician.

"It is difficult," said the Mayor, "to get this man to do anything he doesn't want to do. Cornered, he advances argument after argument against the course you desire him to pursue. He begins with weak arguments. You think you've got him. But just as victory appears assured he puts forth a final argument that is insuper-able—a final argument that floors you thor-oughly.

The fellow is like the fickle sailor of the old "The fellow is like the fickle sailor of the old romance. This sailor was strong, handsome and gay. The girls liked him and he liked the girls. The following conversation one moonlight night in the tropics passed between him and a young woman:

"Then, Jack, when shall we be married?

"But I promised my wife, sweethcart, that I would never marry a second time."

"The young girl, beautiful in the flattering moonlight, murmured:

"Would you cust me off for the sake of a promise to a dead woman?"

"But she isn't dead yet,' said the fickle sailor."



DI HIS WELL KNOWN HORSES

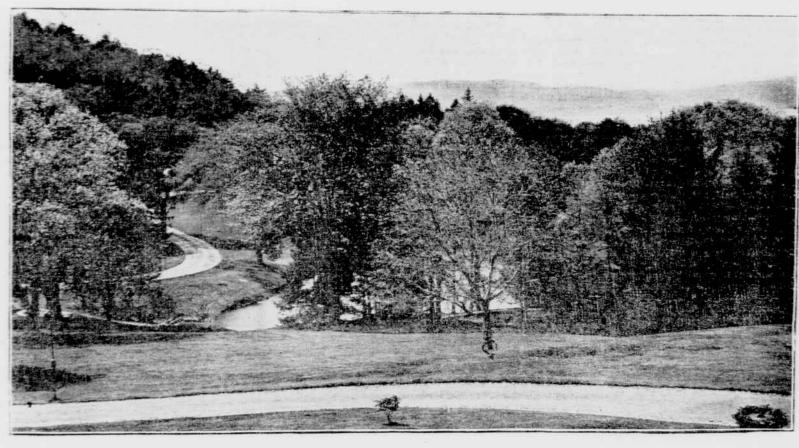
phonored and unsung, he er a long and turbulent life, of his children to friends, of his children rest. Born mes imprisoned. In 1681 he ter land in America in lieu of by his father, and wished Ivania But the Merry Monise, and to-day the State of the principal scapert, commes of the great English ater father.

is to-day much what it was which seem so fur away. resterday in comparison the village, the sole connection theid was the Wendover coach the Old Bell Inn in Helborn. shared the fate of so many taverns, and is now demol-Cave Inn at Chalfont still is gone and the old coach place a modern motor wagcers from across the ocean nome to the collard-fringed and the country which is so of the poets who dreamed of oneers who laid the foundasincipalities which are tos of America.-(F. E. R., in

ADVANTAGE.

o undergrads were arguing questioned the other's argu-

dan see thur." age of me," politei-(Tit-Bits.



LOOKING WESTWARD FROM GRACEMERE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER